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Shortgrassers will be too exhausted to feed when winter come. Coffeehouse sessions are centered on serious feed and price forums. Gloomy talk is ruining the joy of a wet fall. Hombres arise before dawn to worry and fret about the feed situation. Waitresses are bound to be tired of listening to the milo markets and protein crises.

Feeds and feeding have never been satisfactory in the Shortgrass Country. Nutritionist learned years ago how to limit the intake of livestock. Nothing, however was done to keep people from buying too much sacked goods. Dumb animals were easier to hold back than humans.

Cottonseed meal, for example, was in a come-on position until last year. Meal prices were structured to make both ranchers and bankers hold when an out of state truck driver passing through an area in a fast moving diesel could see that livestock should be sold instead of fed.

Protein supplements stayed at the perfect level to keep the game going. Japanese calculator manufacturing couldn't count the hombres who poured out paper fortunes from the back of a pickup.

Those days ended as meal passed the \$100 mark and soybeans went to infinity. At last, a form of drouth insurance was invented. Four Rockefeller heirs backed by the Wells Fargo Bank could not feed under those standards.

From that time on, our marketing judgment took a big jump. Also, I'm going to guess that once the bankers got a feel of the new era, they'd screw down tighter than the main valve on a dirigible.

Another development that kicked off the feed discussions was the unpredictable market. Summer was a nervous time. Every form of four-legged animal and every kind of powdered or baled commodity was shaky.

One morning it's sound like Russia was going to haul off all the crops in the Midwest; the next morning, we'd heard that Japan had already beat them to it. Calves would go up and the value of the dollar would go down. Contracting was impossible and bookings unknown.

Hunches were impossible to play. In July, I read that pet shop owners were going heavy on light-eating lap dogs. The pooch peddlers were playing it smart. They weren't about to be caught with a pack of big bellied dogs, lapping up high priced dog food.

Before I could transfer that thinking into, say, some light cattle, I picked up somewhere that boa constrictor snakes had gone up \$10 a running foot. The base price or the season's highs and lows weren't quoted, yet it was obvious that the snake market had taken a sharp upturn.

Correlation was impossible. How are you going to formulate a rise in the big snake market against a decline in the German Shepard trade? Unless the snake traders were figuring on feeding big dogs to their boas, one deal was as crazy as the other.

One of those big snakes can swallow a whole pig without stretching his jaw muscle. Their appetites are as fierce as their dispositions, and you never heard anyone say anything kind about a boa constrictor.

Remember how Tarzan treated them? He'd wrestle them all over a river bank, but he sure was careful to keep his hind legs pointed toward the tail. Old Tarzan might of had the same I.Q. as the apes, but wasn't stupid enough to try a neck hold on a boa constrictor.

It just wouldn't figure. I worried the rest of the summer about the two markets. Quotations ceased; I haven't heard how the action is now.

Herders are in a trigger-fingered mood. Feed dealers could sell cubed shoe strings or baled cement sacks if they had them on hand. Only the tension exceeds the urge to buy.

Cattle and sheep are unaware of their fate. A lot of the forever hungry old sisters are going to sleep on empty stomachs this winter. Things are going to be grim when frost hits.